

*Oh thou who dry'st the mourners tear*

"He healeth the broken in heart and bindeth up their wounds" Psalm cxlvii 3

*Written by*

**T. MOORE ESQ.**

MUSIC BY

*C. Meincke.*

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Andante  
Con  
Espressione

2<sup>nd</sup> Verse When joy no lon = ger soothes or cheers, And e'en the hope that threw A  
Oh! Thou, who dry'st the mourners' tear, How dark this world would be, If,

moment's sparkle o'er our tears, Is dim'd and vanquish'd too! Oh! who would bear life's  
when deceiv'd and wounded here, We could not fly to thee. The friends who in our

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stor-my doom, Did not thy wing of love Come brightly wafting through the gloom Our

peace-branch from a - bove? Then, sor - row, touch'd by thee, grows bright, With more than raptures

ray; As darkness shows us worlds of light, We nev - er saw by

day! As darkness shows us worlds of light, We nev - er saw by day!

Then sorrow touch'd by thee grows bright, With more than rapture's ray; As

CHORUS.

dark-ness shows us worlds of light, We nev - er saw by day.

Oh Thou who, dryst